PHILHARMONIC REHEARSAL.

KARL PANZNER APPEARS AS STAR CONDUCTOR.

He Reads Tschalkowsky, Weber and Wagner in a Scholastic, Prosaic, Uninspiring Manner-Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto Given-Ysaye the Soloist

The seventh public rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society took place yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony. Bach's concerto grosso in G major for violin and two flutes with orchestra, Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, Bruch's G minor concerto for violin and orchestra. and the prelude and finale of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." The solo violinist was Eugene Ysave and the visiting conductor was Karl Panzner of Bremen. The concert lasted ab ut a quarter of an hour too long. There is such a thing as too much music.

Mr. Panzner came an entire stranger to comed with frigid politeness. But after he had directed Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony in a manner indubitably his own. the amiable auditors decided that he was entitled to some encouragement for his very obvious efforts and they gladdened his heart with recalls.

It seemed a pity that the Philharmonic Society had to journey as far as Bremen to find a conductor of Mr. Panzner's calibre. Certainly there are some such in cities of the United States, even perhaps in New York: At any rate, there was every reason to be disappointed in him as a star. His reading of Tschaikowsky's E minor symphony was altogether commonplace and uninspiring. He took the tempo of the first movement altogether too slow, that of the second about correctly, that of the valse heavily and wearily, and that of the last movement again so slow that at times it seemed as if the orchestra could

not drag the thing along Mr. Panzner displayed a not uncommon fondness for making discoveries. He brought to the surface numerous bits of counterpoint at the expense of the main themes. In particular he betrayed a highly improper affection for the low register of the bassoon, and whenever he could force it through the body of instrumental tone he did so, apparently without regard for its place in the harmonic scheme of the score. His second choice was the horns, and these he pushed to the front in several places without justification.

In spite of these excursions after surprises Mr. Panzner's reading of the symphony was dull, heavy, inelastic and unpoetic. tion of the Weber overture. The orchestra performed it in a substantial routine fashion, such as many seasons of Philharmonio hearings have made familiar to local music lovers. There was no manifestation of a directive personality in the performance.

The best work that Mr. Panyang did work that Mr. Pan

The best work that Mr. Panzner did was in his reading of the Wagner music. Here he was on ground where it is hard to lead the fathers astray. Errors were likely to be in degree rather than in kind. The conductor reached the climax of the vorspiel through a well ordered crescende, but when through a well ordered crescendo, but when he arrived he buried the scale passages for violins in a manner altogether new

He undertook to broaden the "liebestod," and succeeded in taking some of the life out of it. But the number went with some solidity, and at the very end it sounded well. It would have sounded a good deal better if the wood wind had played somewhere near in tune, but such inharmonious miauling. ings have seldom been heard, even in the Philharmonic Society. The Bach concerto, the fourth of the

The Bach concerto, the fourth of the Brandenburg set, was played almost as badly as possible. Mr. Ysaye did his share of it honestly enough, but the flutes were acid of quality, feeble in total power and generally weak in style. The orchestral support was as heavy as the curse of Jerome, and what Mr. Panzner did not seem to know about Bach would have equipped a Leipsic conservatory student for his final

In the Bruch concerto Mr. Ysaye ex-ploited some fearful and wonderful bits of intonation and spread out the first movement so that he emasculated it. The slow movement he played with more judgment, but even here he languished and sighed along the strings till one yearned for five minutes of Maud Powell's masculine inment so that he emasquiated it The glov ut he is sometimes too original.

GOOD-BYS AT THE OPERA. A Mixed Bill and an Audience That Packs the Big House.

About a thousand persons were unable to attend the grand operatic farewell melange at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, not because they had other engagements, but because they could not get in. They mobbed the lobby and the front of the house and tired even the patience of Roundsman Fogarty, whose unfailing politeness and firmness in handling the carriages have been one of the most brilliant successes of the season. At 7:40 o'clock the box office was closed, a thing which has never before happened in the history of the house. No more tickets could be sold. Even the specualtors could not sell any more, and Broadway steamed with

An Italian salad was served up in order to permit certain leading artists to say "addie," "good-by," "auf wiedersehen, or "dovizenia," according to their nationality. The selections were the first scene of "Cavalleria Rusticana," the last act of "La Gioconda." the third act of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and the first scene

In the first excerpt the impersonators were Mme, de Macchi, Mme, Jacoby, Mr. Bars and Mme. de Macchi, Mme. Jacoby, Mr. Bars and Mr. Bégué. In the second Mme. Nordica, Mme. Homer, Mr. Caruso and Mr. Giraldoni were concerned. In the third Mme. Sembrich, Mr. Dippel, Mr. Giraldoni, Mr. Journet and Mr. Rossi sang. In the fourth Miss Alten. Mr. Caruso, Mr. Scotti, Mr. Reiss and Mr. Parvis were busy.

Mr. Caruso and Mr. Giraldoni, it appears, were the only persons who had the bonor applied grouply twice. Mme. Fames

were the only persons who had the honor of saying good-by twice. Mme. Eames is going to have a whole opera to herself to say it in to-day, and Mr. Scotti will help her. The German contingent will say "auf wiederschen" to-night in "Die Walkuere."

Such a performance as that of lestricities. Such a performance as that of last night does not call for critical comment, but it ought to be noted that Mme. Nordica sang admirably in the "Gioconda" scene and stirred the audience to enthusiasr Sembrich did not seem to be suffering any ill effects from her Polish fete of the previous evening and sang her customary numbers in the lesson scene brilliantly. They were the Strauss waltz, "Voce di Primavera," "Ah, non giunge" from "La Sonnambula," and the Polish song of Chopin known as the "Maiden's Wish."

All the prima donnas received plenty All the prima donnas received plenty of flowers. The glorification of Mr. Caruso was reserved till the conclusion of his dramatic air in "Pagliacci." Then the 2 udience told him what it thought of him. It was a perfectly grand evening and an enjoyable time was had by all.

Manager-Playwright Bankrupt.

Edgar Selden, playwright and theatrical manager, living at 143 East Nineteenth street, filed a petition in bankruptcy yesterday showing liabilities \$10,784 and no assets. The liabilities were contracted individually and as a partner in several firms, among them Selden & Kaufman and the Selden Shea Amusement Com-

NEW BOOKS Continued from Seventh Page

"Talk on. The chaste goddess who beams above us inspire you with worthy terms!" Basil at this continued with ardor. He

"There you speak to the point. For Veranilda is chaste as she is beautiful. * * Her voice, Marcian! This whisper of the night breeze in the laurels falls rudely upon the ear after Veranilda's speech. Never have I heard a tone so soft, so gentle. The first word she spoke thrilled through me as never did voice before; and I listened, listened, hoping she would speak again."

Ardent, as we have said, and vet carefully constructed. The author tells us more of Veranilda at page 57, but here the manner is that of the historian rather than the poet. We read:

Veranilda was a great-grandchild of Amalafrida, the sister of King Theodoric, being born of the daughter of King Theodahad, and her father was that Ebrimut whose treachery at the beginning of the great war delivered Rhegium into the hands of the Greeks. Her mother, Theodenantha, a woman of noble spirit, scorned the unto let her remain in Italy, even as a slave, with much humanity, as far as Neapolis rather than share with such a husband the and the Ionian Sea. honors of the Byzantine court. She won this grace from Belisarius and was permitted to keep with her the little maiden. just growing out of childhood. But shame and grief had broken her heart; after a few months of imprisonment at Cumae she died. And Veranilda passed into the care of the daughter of Maximus."

Not quite as sonorous and felicitous as Gibbon, perhaps, but for deliberation and structural sufficiency a reminder of him. We pass to page 63, where we have marked hesitate to declare:

audible a few paces away; his breath was on her cheek; his eyes, as she gazed into them, seemed to envelop her in their glow.

"'My fairest! Let me but touch your hand. Lay it for a moment in mine-a pledge forever! "You do not fear to love me, O lord of ;

my life?"

"The whisper made him faint with joy "What has fear to do with love, O thou with heaven in thine eyes! What room is there for fear in the heart where thy beauty dwells? Speak again, speak again, my beloved, and bless me above all men that

"'Basil! Basil! Utter my name once sound'

" 'Nor I, how soft could be the sound of It lacked both flexibility and fire. The mine. Forgive me. O Veranilda, that own moral regeneration without any pocket same thing must be said of his presenta- out of my love pain has come to you. You money. It is a mediæval princess-in-the-

Can you forget?"

" 'All save the nobleness of her who bore you, sweet and fair one.' 'Let that be ever in your thought,' said

Veranilda, with a radiant look. 'She sees me now; and my hope, your strength and goodness, bring new joy to her in the life eternal. 'Say the word I wait for - whisper low

the word of all words." " 'Out of my soul, O Basil, I love you!"

"As the sound trembled into silence, his lips touched hers. In the golden shadow of her hair, the lily face flushed warm; yet she did not veil her eyes, vouchers of a life's Who would believe that Basil could ever

doubt Veranilda? Yet he doubted her. We find him formulating wild and whirling thoughts at page 253. With reluctance and wanton Veranilda!" We will say at once he was right regarding Marcian That charming and plausible man was really a villain. He had abducted Veranilda. He richly deserved the fate that no reader at this point will doubt was coming to him. But Veranilda! The jealous mind of course, is not distinguished for its sweet reasonableness, and the story teller may be as merciless as he pleases, but we wish that Basil had not said "fickle" and "wan ton" of one whom no reader, at least, will doubt, and whose eyes, into which Basil had so profoundly looked, as we have seen at page 63, were vouchers of a life's loyalty. Basil's punishment of Marcian was swift and terrible. The false friend was slain in the presence of Veranilda and of a priest.

We read: " 'Liar! Traitor! Devil!'

"At each word Basil's dagger drank blood up to the hilt. With his furious voice blended a yell of terror, of agony from Gaudiosus,

and a woman's scream. Then came silence. The priest dropped to his knees by Marcian's prostrate form. Basil, the stained weapon in his crimson hand, stared at Veranilda, who had also fallen. 'Man! What hast thou done?' gasped

"The trembling, senile tones wakened Basil as if from a trance. He thrust his dagger into its sheath, stepped to the back

of the room, and bent over the white loveli-" 'Is it death?' he murmured."

It was not death. Veranilda had fainted merely. Basil reproached her with dreadful words. They were incomprehensible to her-and indeed he was mad. "I know you not," she said. "Alas. I know you not!" In bitter speech he recalled the treachery of her father. At that she was quite over-"As though smitten by a cruel blow. Veranilda bowed her head, shuddering, Once more she looked at Basil for an instant. with wide eyes of fear; then hid herself be-

neath the veil and was gone." The author did not live to finish his story. but we must rejoice that it is continued far enough to include the reconciliation of Basil and Veranilda. Basil had been in a monastery and had received the instruction of that abbot of famous memory, that Benedict "whose holiness already numbered him with the blessed saints rather than with mortal men." He had served Totila, the triumphant young king whom the Goths once had borne upon their shields. Now Basil and Veranilda sat again together, he holding her hand, "and their eyes met in a long gaze of love and trust and hope." We read

"She had hidden her face in her hands. Basil threw himself upon his knees beside

Though I speak in madness, can you ever forget? God Himself, I know, will sooner blot out my sins of murder than this wound I inflicted upon your pure and gentle heart!

"Veranilda caught his hand and pressed her lips upon it, while her tears fell softly. 'Listen, dearest Basil,' she said. 'To think that I guard this in my memory against you would be to do me wrong. Remember how first I spoke to you about it, when we first knew that we loved each other. Did I not tell you that this was a thing that could never be quite forgotten? He had spoken and she was speaking of the treachery of her father. Ebrimut,

me faithless -- nay, not you, beloved, but your If it lessen not your love, have I not cause

enough for thankfulness?' sweetest, tenderest voice that ever caressed a lover's senses, Basil knew not how to lingered only to glisten amid the happy while he drifts into theorizing light which beamed from her eyes. Side by side, forgetful of all but their recovered there sounded from far a woman's voice, calling the name of Veranilda."

Though the book is not finished, we conwe feel ourselves only moderately deprived Belisarius and the others belonging to that time when the power of Byzantium was

The Fire of Spring.

(Appleton & Co.) may be briefly described as a human document setting forth the unpleasant details of a tragic episode in the lives of two ill-mated married people. and presenting a condition which is fast becoming typical in extremely up-to-date | stands on solid ground. society-the offering up of inexperienced the record of a tender occurrence. We who are old enough to know better. The lans) is strangely unsatisfactory. The read, with an interest which we do not elements in this highly seasoned chronicle are the young wife, a social sybarite by "His voice made tremulous music, in- training and environment, to whom the for his subject. He tries to do him justice purple and fine linen of life are essential accessories; the elderly husband, absorbed in business, brutal in manner and incoherent as to moral ideas, and the fascinating cousin, a polished, refined man of the world and an inmate of the household. Shut the three of them up together at a fair to him as a poet, too, but that seems own with a well trained lady's maid to oit the hinges, and of course the inevitable happens

How it happens must be read in the book. where it is frankly detailed. Things of that sort are not usually considered fit to print except in the reports of the police court. When it happens, the husband in tower situation, taxing to the credulity of the modern imagination, the absurdity of which is accentuated by the fact that * 'Can you believe in my truth, O Basil? the offended husband installs his mistress in his own house while the wife expiates the crime of her indiscretions in exile. Ultimately the bread and water, dark cell punishment has the desired effect and she returns to the husband, repentant, to meet the other woman on the threshold. However, the treatment has been so severe that the wife is ready to condone the ofon condition that the offender be dismissed; the husband magnanimously resolves to look upon the wife's trans-gression as episodical and not permanently Gold Thwaites, LL. D. (The Arthur H. degrading, and the happy pair begin life over again with rosy dreams of a peaceful future blessed with the love and respect of their children and children's children.

The pertinent question presented is, of course, how far a man is justified in devoting himself to his business at the risk of his domestic relations. The moral pain we reproduce two of them. Basil lesson, if such may be deduced is for the thought: "O villainous Marcian! O fickle, mother who seems to have been the guilty party in the whole transaction, and who discreetly kept out of the way when the

Miss Potter wrote a book some time ago which her father bought up and burned for reasons of his own. If there were such a thing as a public censor "The Fire of Spring" would make a fine conflagration. which would be about the best thing to

The Other Woman.

Though the scene is laid in the South and the evidence of wrongdoing has negro blood in her, "The Master Word," by L. H. Hammond (Macmillans), is really the story of a woman's conquest of herself and might have been set in any other scene. It is an unusually good story and in some parts very fine, with some living characters. There is a nice, live, natural girl in it whose love story we are glad to have turn out well. there is a picturesque negro mammy, there is a well drawn child of a white father and negro mother. If the author is a Southern woman the description of this unfortunate girl's feelings is an extraordinary contribution to the understanding of the negro Above all there is the heroine, the wronged

wife, with her fight against the outrage done her by her husband, and later with her endeavor to do her duty toward his child. It is a remarkable piece of character drawing carried out thoroughly. There is plenty of action in the story, which is by no means a mere problem story. The men are well enough, but they are more common place than the women. The change of an agricultural region into a phosphate mining community is interesting as an example of the changes going on in the new South, but the South is not the main part of the story. The descriptions are delightful and the conversations are those of gentlemen

Short Tales by Miss Silberrad.

An eccentric person, Tobiah, the dissenting preacher, forms the connecting link in the half dozen short stories included in Miss Una L. Silberrad's "The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). He is perhaps more interesting to the author than he will prove to the reader, though he is occasionally amusing, for humor is not the quality in which Miss Silberrad excels.

The stories are all love tales ending "happily." The scene is in the Lincolnshire marshes and the time anywhere in the past, one, two or three centuries ago, we imagine, as the reader fancies. They are told in careful and excellent English, with much of the deliberation that R. D. Blackmore used to put into his novels, and each turns on love in various forms. Ail are romantic, and romance implies adventure, so that there is no lack of excitement, the more so as the author cuts loose from any definite period of time.

Her women stand out clearly. Priscilla is a delightful little minx. Ann Ponsford is attractively vigorous, and the gypsy wooing in the last story is poetical and

Other Books.

A novel and helpful book for persons suffering from one of the greatest of a lictions is Dr. Emile Javal's "On Becoming pany and were mostly for printing. Henry pany and were mostly for printing. Henry Did I not know that, if ever I sinned, or literature on the training of those born blind Blind," translated by Dr. Carroll E. Edson

seemed to sin, this would be the first rebuke and on the efforts of human ingenuity to upon the lips of those I angered? Believing bring help to the unfortunates whose blindness is complicated with other deficiencies, fevered brain-how could you but think but nobody seems to have thought much that thought? And, even had you not of the persons, who are not few, to whom spoken it, must I not have read it in your loss of sight comes late in life and too sudface? Never ask me to forgive what you denly for them to adjust themselves to could not help. Rather, O Basil, will I the change before they are helpless. Here entreat you, even as I did before, to bear | we have directions and suggestions as to with the shame inseparable from my being. what can be done for them, and especially what they can do for themselves so as not to be too dependent on those about them. "Hearing such words as these, in the The author became blind himself when old age had set in, and the manner in which he struggled to preserve his independence word all that was in his heart. Passion of others is pathetic and inspiring as a spoke for him, and not in vain; for in a few story of pluck. Nearly all his directions moments Veranilda's tears were dry, or seem practical and sensible, but once in a

W. Allen turns up in "Our Navy and the peace, they talked sweet nothings, until Barbary Corsairs" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). For one, if we remember aright, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt had preceded him. He has told, however, carefully, sider that a sufficiently happy ending, and with conscientious use of original documents and more fully than his forerunners, because there is not more about Totila and | the glorious deeds of the infant navy that marked the entry of the United States into the affairs of the world. It is a story that worthy Goth and besought the conqueror | declining and the Goths were operating, | will bear retelling so long as the nation stands, and in an accurate history like Dr. Allen's will be found more exciting than in the dozens of tales of adventure built on its incidents. The first chapter, telling of "The Fire of Spring." by Margaret Potter | the Barbary pirates in the past, is perfunctory and a wholly inadequate view of an extremely interesting side of European history; the book would be improved by its omission. When Dr. Allen comes to the American interference, however, he

The biography of "Thomas Moore" that young girls to the Moloch of wealth, with Mr. Stephen Gwynne has written for the the sanction of the church, by mothers "English Men of Letters" series (Macmilreason, perhaps, is the author's inability to work up any admiration or sympathy as a man, and certainly succeeds in bringing out Moore's integrity and high sense of honor in the face of temptations and misfortunes. He tells us that Tom Moore was lovable and popular, but he shows us very little of that side of his life. He tries to be country house in an uninteresting suburban | to be too hard a task for any modern literary man. Popular as Moore was during his lifetime, popular as his songs still are in the hearts of the people, modern literary fashions have drifted so far away from him that it is as hard to recognize as it is to acknowledge the real poetry that he wrote and that lives. Mr. Gwynne's analysis of his merits seems wrung with difficulty more. I never knew how sweet it could an outburst of moral indignation murders from his intellect; a bit of Irish feeling the lover and imprisons the wife in a cot- might have been more in place. The book is a little too much like dissecting a butterfly.

We fear that Frederic Villiers's "Port Arthur; Three Months With the Besiegers" (Longmans, Green & Co.), comes the day after the fair. It is too late for news and too early for a definite, authoritative account of the siege. Mr. Villiers had the hard luck to leave the scene two months before Port Arthur fell. The improved methods of warfare have had for their chief victims so far the war correspondents. few of whom will be able to write in their books of things they have actually seen. Mr. Villiers in his diary does the best he can with what he was allowed to see in the Japanese lines.

In volume XIII. of "Farly Western Clark Company, Cleveland), we have the conclusion of William Faux's amusingly mendacious "Memorable Days in America. with "A Visit to North America, 1821, by Adlard Welby. Both accounts are unfavorable to America and were written as attacks on the Illinois settlements, bu both contain a mass of interesting ob-

Prof. George Aaron Barton, Ph. D., of Dr. Bernhard Weiss, translated by Prof. Dr. George He publishes the letters he wrote home in a volume called "A Year's Wandering in Bible Lands" (Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia), which is illustrated with photographs taken by himself. There is no harm in this, and possibly his book may interest his immediate circle of friends. We find nothing in it, however, that warrants its being offered to a wider public. Travelling in Europe is no remarkable feat nowadays even if a camera is carried along, and the traveller really ought to have something to say before publishing a book.

A curious miscellany made up of prose tales mostly from the Talmud, and not always particularly interesting or intelligible. and of poems on kindred subjects by poets of all ranks has been compiled by Isabel E. Cohen with the title "Legends and Tales in Prose and Verse" (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia). It is not up to the standard of the books we have hitherto received from this society. It is to be regretted that the book written by Major Charles E. Woodruff, M. D., U. S. A. with the title "The Effects of Tropical New York) should turn out to be a technical discussion of a debatable theory about skin pigmentation The author shows extensive reading and great industry, combined with the queer lack of discrimination as to the value of evidence that affects all anthropological research. Here we have a great deal about nigrescence and blondness that is of academical interest, but at the end the author gives a sensible chapter of practical rules for white men in the tropics.

Again we are bidden to subject our stomach to a particular diet. "Uncooked Foods and How to Use Them, "by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Christian (The Health Culture Company). warns us against the wickedness of cooking and tells us how to eat and what to eat. We recollect cooking that might have made us forbear all eating, but in spite of the allurement in the bills of fare offered in this volume we shall put off tempting the fate of Nebuchadnezzar for a while

"Steam Turbines." Dr. A. Stodola, translated

by Dr. Louis C. Loewenstein. (D. Van Nostrand Thomas Whittaker. "The Right Life and How to Live It." Henry A.

Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Jack Brainard." John W. Yoes. (Eastern Pub. thing Company, Boston.)
"The Golden Hope." Robert H. Fuller. (Mac-

The Art of Generating Gear Teeth Howard Coombs. (D. Van Nostrand Company.)
Outlines of the Life of Christ." W. Sanday. D. D., L.L. D., Litt. D. (Charles Scribner's Sone.) "The Bible. Its Origin and Nature." Marcus Dods, D. D. (Charles Scribber's Sons.)

Another Handy Garden Book." Helena Ruthfurd Fig. (Macmillans)
"Beyond Chance of Change," Sara Andrew

"Pam." Bettina von Hutten. (Dodd. Meadle

It is hardly virgin soil that Dr. Gardner

on White Men" (Rebman Company

mson. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)
"The Monks' Treasure." George Horton. (The The Letters of Theodora." Adelaide L. Rouse,

"The Ellwoods." Charles Stuart Welles, M. D.

(Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Hent & Co., London; Morgan M. Renner, New York.) "The Evangelistic Note." W. J. Dawson. (Pleming H. Revell Company.)

"The Opal." (Houghton, Mimin & Co.)

"Lady Penelope." Mofley Roberts. (L. C. Page

Shafer. (Macmillans.) The People's History of Ireland." Two vols. in P. Finerty. (Dodd. Mead & Co.)

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"The Higher Life of Chicago." Thomas James Vork. 1902." (Martin B. Brown Company.)
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Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Grenfeil's Parish." Norman Duncan. Pleming H. Revell Company.)
"The Harvest of the Sea." Wilfred T. Grenfell. Fleming H. Revel! Compar BARSESCU ON THE EAST SIDE.

The Viennese Actress Plays "Deborah" at the Grand Theatre. The East Side, and particularly the theatre going section of it, rejoiced last

night because Agatthé Barsescu, who came from the Royal Hofburg Theatre in Vienna to play at the Irving Place, listened to the entreaties of Jacob Adler and appeared at the Grand Theatre in Mesenthal's drama.

fully rendered by the tragedienne. The anomaly was that she, the only Christian on the stage played the outcost Jewess, whereas all the others of the company. who spoke Yiddish in reply to Barsescu's German represented the population of an anti-Semitic Hungarian village.

Joseph, son of the wealthy man of the village, so the story goes, fell in love with Pelwath, daughter of an aged Jewish couple.

Joseph is betrothed to Anna, a village girl but he leaves her and decides to embrace the Jewish faith and flee with Deborah to America. The School Principal, however, an ardent anti-Semite, though born a Jew, incites the villagers against such a union and carries money to the aged couple, who accept it. To Joseph, however, he says that Deborah took the money. This makes him spurn her and marry Anna.

Eight years later Deborah, wandering with a caravan of her race on the way to embark for America, passes by Joseph's home and finds that her old loverstill loves her and that he ramed his child for

her and that he named his child for her hen she forgives him. The Grand Theatre fairly rose at Mme. Barsescu. She was showered with con-fetti and miles of many colored paper. She will appear there in five more per-

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Mr. Conried changed his mind late on Thursday night and telegraphed to Robert Sands, president of the Strollers' Club that Mile. Varasi might dance on condition that she received no compensation, telegram arrived too late for her to a in costume. Mr. Conried objected t fact that he had not been consulte arasi before she told the club me

Freighter Koranna Partly Disabled. The new Norton Line freight steamship Adelaide to-morrow, reported to Nan-

tucket lightship yesterday morning that her low pressure piston was broken and that she was steaming at reduced speed. She sailed from Shields on Feb. 6 and was

due here about a week ago. She measures

Cameron-Carmichael.

Miss Anna Belle Carmichael, daughter Mrs. Simon P. Carmichael, was married last Tuesday night at the hon parried last Tuesday night at the home of er parents, 51 West 105th street, to Dr. John L. Cameron, a son of Mrs. Ella Cameron of aledonia, N. Y. Only relatives and a few riends witnessed the ceremony, which was serformed by the Rev. Dr. Edgar Tilton, r., pastor of the Second Collegiate Church. The bride was attended only by her sister, drs. William Wiley, as matron of honor. The couple will make their home in Caledonia

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BIJOU DAVID BELASCO Presenta WARFIELD Berkeley Lyceum THEATRE, 44th at. n'r 5th ave.

FRANK KEENAN in 3 one
act plays BELASCO Theatre. To-night at 6. Mat. To-day
David Belasce presents MRS. LESLIE CARTER 10 the New ADREA

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way & 40 MAUDE ADAMS

THE LITTLE MINISTER, followed by 'OP O' ME THUMB

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way Francis Wilson Cousin Billy KNICKERBOCKER, Broadway

FORBES ROBERTSON HUDSON THEATRE, 44th St., near B'w.

ROBERT EDESON in Stronghear Herald Sq. THEATRE, B'way & 35th BLANCHE WALSH in Clyde Fitch WOMAN IN THE 2nd MONTH. Scale 4 weeks in a SAVOY THEATRE, 34th St., near By Eves, 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat

ORACE GEORGE In the comedy and ABIGAIL GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St., n'r B'wa Arnold Daly's Co. In Bernard Shaw's TELL LYCEUM B'way & 45th. ... At 8.20

Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots The Duchess of Dantzic

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY CARL PANZNER EUCENE YSAYE

Symphony No. 5. PROGRAM:
Concerto for Violin, G major
(With Two Fluies Obligato)
Overture "Euryanthe". Weber
Concerto for Violin, G minor. Bruck
(First time by Mr. Vsaye)
Prelude and Finale. "Tristan und Isolde". Wagner
Tickets on sale at Carnegle Hall and Dissons.
Seals 75 cts. to \$2. Hozes, \$12 and \$15. Hox office
open daily from 9 to 5.

FELIX F. LEIFELS, Secretary.

NEW AMSTERDAM, Good-by To night.
PAREWELL PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT.
Blaw & F. HUMPTY DUMPTY NEXT MONDAY - Seats Now on Sale-Miss Ellis Jeffreys, "The Prince Consor LIBERTY THEATRE 42d St. Br. H'WAY Play: By Augustus Thomas, with Digby Hell.

NEW YORK THEATRE, 25c,50c,75c,81 WRIGHT Stupendous SHEPHERD KING." METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. Grand Opera Season 1904-1905. THIS AFTERNOON at 2 TONG A THIS AFTERNOON at 2-TOSCA, rinma Fameloppel, Scottl, Rossi, Dufriche, Bars, Condr. Vich THIS EVENING, Popular Prices, at 745 DIVALKUERE, Walker, Fremstad, Homer, Bunkaller, Van Rooy, Blass, Condr. Hertz, Sunday Evg., March 5, popular prices, at 8 33, LAST SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT.

JOSEP HOFMANN. | FRITZ BREISLER, (By arrangement with Mr. Henry Wolfsohn Entire Met. Opera Orch. Cond'r. Mr. Franco. WEBER PIANO USED IRVING PLACE THEATRE TO-DAY at 1 A.M., "Maria Stuart"; at 2:15, "Nachtasyl"; a 8:20, BONN in "Ein Fallissement."

DISON SQUARE GARDEN AND SO MOTOR BOAL SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

oncerts Daily & Evg. 10 A. M. to ILF. M. WALLACK'S B'way & 30th. Last night 8 2 Raymond HITCHCOCK in The Vankee Mar. 6th, AMELIA BINGHAM

Garden Thea. 27&Mad Av. Ev. 8:20 Mat To American Comedy, The COLLEGE WIDOW VSAYE
Only Violin Recital.
Carnegle Hall, To-morrow
Afternoon al 3
Absilsted by
Vernoon d'Artialle, Barlione
Jules De Befve, Flanist Seats 50c. 10 \$1.50. Boxes, \$7.00. on sale at Di-box office. Tyson's and R. E. Johnston's St. James Building.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th St. & Irving Pl.
LAST WEEK. Last Times in N. Y
HENRIETTA IN DAVID BELASCOS play.
CROSMAN KITTY BELLANCE.
Pop. Prices. Last Mat. TO-DAY 2 For 1 WEEK BLANCHE BATES IN The Darling MAJESTIC | Popular FRIDAYS Mat. TO-DAY & BUSTER BROWN

West Endedw. Blondell, "THE LOST BOY" Phone 2624 Grain.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE Mrs. Temple's Telegram LYRIC 42d st. W. of Bivay. Bygs. still 57-58 Times To-day Mat. & Nigh Jefferson De ANGELIS in FANIANA

PRINCESS. Evs. 8:30. Matte A. Du Souchet's WHO GOES THERE? East lith st. | Sunday - Aft. & Evg - Confer

THE GOTHAM LADIES' MAI. TO-DAY
Bon Ton Burlesquers.
Sunday Aft. & Fyg. Concerts PROCTOR'S "BIG FOUR." 28D ST. 6 Glinserettis, Carlotta, Rig Vaude, 5TH AVE. "Glittering Gloria." & Vaude, 125TH ST. "Diplomacy" Stock Co. Vande, 58TH ST. "Shenandoah" and Vauderille.

** LAST FOUR WEEKS ** Joe Weber's All Star Stock Co. at | Music Hall in Higgledy-Piggledy & College Widower |

HARLEM DVS. 8:15. Mat. TO-DAY, 2:15
OPERA MAY IRWIN in "Mrs. Black"
Is Back
SUNDAY NIGHT—GRAND CONCERT.
N'xt w'k, Luin Glaser in "A Madeap Princest IRCLE B'way and 80th. Mat. Dath 25:

ROBT. HILLIARD & CO.
TOM NAWN & CO., Grand Opera Inc.
Frank Bush, Golden Gate Quintet. Hill &
Silvani, Kelly & Violette, others.

PASTOR'S CONTINUES TO AND 30 CENTS HATTY LA Rose Co., Fitzgibban RAYMOND & CAVERLY LEW Blanhattan Maile To-Day # 15 MRS. FISKE LEAR KLESCHNA

COLONIAL Frond Way & F. "Dt El. IN SNOW" and "ATHLETIC GIRL Varieties Edith Helena. The Florence Troupe

BROADWAY THEATRE, BEATA Fritzi Scheff BOCCACCIO AMERICAN CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

STAK JOE WELER IN CORES'S LUCK MURRAY | 6d St. & Lex. Av. MAT TO LILIPUTIANS IN SINHAD HILL. | Nx. wk. Eugenle Blair Her Second

Grand Toda COUNTY CHAIRMAN EDEN WORLD IN WAX. New SET MUSEE . KARABANZA JAPS

VORKVILLE. Duchess Mat. To day, 25c. Harry Clay Blancy in ACROSS THE PACIFIC NEAR Week. No Wedding Bells of B.